Come ſticke your Roſemary in this dead coarſe,
And as the cuſtome of our Country is,
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Anceſtors lie tomb'd.
Cap: Let it be ſo, come wofull ſorrow mates,
Let vs together taſte this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurſe goe forth, caſting Roſemary on her and ſhutting the Curtens.

Enter Muſitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull caſe. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Miſtreſſe is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what ſhal I doe, come Fidlers play me ſome mery dumpe.
1. A ſir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and ſoundly too.
1. What will you giue vs?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile ſol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon ſound Pot, Ile poſe you.
1 Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppreſſe:
Then muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Why ſiluer ſound? Why ſiluer ſound?
1. I thinke becauſe muſicke hath a ſweet ſound.

Pretie, what ſay you Mathew minikine?

2. I thinke becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what ſay you?
3. I ſay nothing.
Ser: I thinke ſo, Ile ſpeake for you becauſe you are the Singer. I ſaye Siluer ſound, becauſe ſuch Fellowes as you haue ſildome Golde for ſounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may truſt the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame preſagde ſome good euent to come,
My boſome Lord ſits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleaſing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthaſar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthaſar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe:
If ſhe be well, then nothing can be ill.
Bal: Then nothing can be ill, for ſhe is well,
Her bodie ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Meſſenger of ſuch bad tidings.
Rom: Is it euen ſo? then I defie my Starres.